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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Palestrina.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

That temple, Palestrina, built by thee,
Stands, in the pure Ideal's brightest glow,
Remote from baser currents, swift or slow,
Beside primeval springs of harmony.
Around its firm foundations ever flow
Transparent waves of clearest euphony,
All power, all peace, serene, untroubled, free;
In cloistered calm, here fadeless lilies blow.
Come, enter, wounded spirit, weary heart!
Here all is rest ineffable, divine!
Here wave the winds whose healing sighs impart
Celestial balm to bleeding souls like thine!
Here streams the fount of uncorrupted Art!
Here faith's immortal rays forever shine!

Notes on a few of Handel's Operas.*

[From Concordia, Dec. 4, 1875.]

The monumental edition of Handel's works which, under the care of Dr. Chrysander, has been for upwards of sixteen years in course of publication is gradually, though slowly, approaching completion. When it is remembered that, in addition to the oratorios and sacred music by which the composer is best known at the present time, he composed nearly forty operas, of which all excepting three or four are in existence, it will be readily understood that a complete edition of his works must involve in its preparation an enormous amount of labor. Up to the present time the German Handel Society has issued the greater number of the oratorios, the whole of the anthems, *Te Deums*, and miscellaneous sacred music, most of the secular cantatas, and a considerable proportion of the instrumental works; and it is now turning its attention specially to the operas, of which some ten have at present been given, four of them forming the issue for the present year.

Handel's operas are almost entirely unknown even to the most diligent students. With the exception, indeed, of the few which were published at the close of the last century in Arnold's edition of Handel (which, by the way, was never completed), it may almost be said that they have not been published at all before. The old scores of Walsh and his contemporaries were most incomplete. Not only were all the unaccompanied recitatives wanting, but sometimes, to save space, some of the instrumental accompaniments were omitted. In some instances only the "Favourite Songs" were published, while in four or five cases not a note of the opera had been printed before. The present edition, however, is to include all, excepting, of course, the few early German operas which are lost; and four have already been published—*Almira*, *Rodrigo*, *Silla*, and *Amadigi*—which had not previously been accessible at all.

It is often forgotten that before Handel wrote most of his oratorios he had already obtained a reputation as the first operatic composer of his day; and musicians will naturally examine his dramatic works with great interest, in order to ascertain on what his great reputation in this department was founded.

The first reflection which will probably strike the student of Handel's operatic scores will perhaps be, How marvellous is the development which dramatic music has undergone in the

last century and a half! While Handel's oratorios are still to a great extent the models of this species of composition, his operas are so antiquated in form that a revival of one of them on the stage would be to our taste insufferable. To say nothing of the modern "grand opera" of Meyerbeer or Verdi, the distance separating Handel even from Gluck and Mozart is hardly conceivable, except by those who have studied the subject. Of concerted music in general, and of the amply developed finale which forms so important a feature of the modern opera, we find hardly a trace. The characters come on the stage, carry on dialogues in interminable recitatives, sing a song or two, and go off again. In the large majority of Handel's operas there are no choruses except a short one at the end of the last act; and sometimes there is none at all. Let anyone imagine what it would be to sit through a long oratorio of Handel's with all the choruses left out, and he will have a fair notion of the music of these operas.

And yet, ineffective as they would certainly be in performance, these old scores possess peculiar interest to the student. Without the operas we should not have had the oratorios. Though containing much written in an antiquated taste, they also evince true dramatic feeling, especially in the individualization of character. All those who have much acquaintance with Handel will know that this was one of his peculiar excellencies. Take for instance *Samson*—one of his most dramatic oratorios. How distinct in character is the music of Manoh from that of the giant Harapha, though both parts are written for a bass voice! Or, to take another example, compare the music of the two mothers in the second part of *Solomon*. And the same feeling for dramatic propriety is perceptible to a greater or less extent all through the operas. The characters, it is true, seemed to move about in the old fashioned bob-wigs and knee breeches of the last century; but they are real flesh and blood for all that.

Take again another point, and one which will probably surprise many readers—the instrumentation of these works. One of the most general mistakes that prevails as to Handel's scoring is that it is thin and monotonous. We unhesitatingly affirm that it is neither the one nor the other. It must be admitted that Handel did not work on the modern system, which too often reminds one of the theatrical manager who "paid his musicians to play and not to rest;" he frequently, for the sake of variety and contrast in tone-color, accompanies a song chiefly with the harpsichord; but his scores are full of novel experiments in instrumentation; and there are few modern effects of which the germ may not be found somewhere in his works by those who know where to look for them.

The operas which form the issue of the Society for the present year, and the perusal of which has suggested the above remarks, are *Silla*, *Radamisto*, *Flavio*, and *Giulio Cesare*. Each of these works presents features worthy of notice, and a few points may be indicated which will possibly not be without interest.

Silla, which the editor, Dr. Chrysander, states to be the smallest of Handel's operas, is (as mentioned above) one of those works which has never before been published at all. There is no record that it was ever performed, and we are told that the original manuscript contains only about half the music, and the present edition is prepared from "a very faulty copy, made about 1780 by an incompetent person." Singularly enough, the work has no

overture; whether one was ever written for it which has been lost, or whether, unlike Handel's other operas, it had none, there are no means of ascertaining. The probability, at which Dr. Chrysander hints, that the work was never performed, seems strengthened by the fact that Handel made use of a considerable portion of the music in later compositions. Thus the charming song "Dolce nome," in which two flutes double the violins in the octave above, was afterwards introduced into his *Chandos Anthem*, "O come let us sing," where it may be found with the same orchestration as the tenor song, "O come let us worship and bow down." In the song, "Se ben tuona il ciel irato," we find the theme of "With redoubled rage return" in *Joshua*. Another air, "Hai due vaghe pupille," was used with different words six years later in *Radamisto*, while no less than six numbers were made to do duty in *Amadigi*, an opera which was written very shortly after *Silla*, and which was published last year in the present edition for the first time. As nearly all these six pieces are to be found in the third act of *Amadigi*, one is inclined to conjecture that, towards the close of the composition of this work, Handel was pressed for time, and therefore transferred, as the quickest way of completing it, several numbers from the one score to the other.

With the exception of one song and a few bars of recitative for a bass, the whole of the music in *Silla* is written for soprano and alto voice. In nearly all Handel's earlier operas the same predominance of these parts is observable. Tenor and bass voices seem to have been very little in favor at the beginning of the last century. The heroic parts in operas were mostly allotted to the mezzo-soprano, and were intended to be sung by *castrati*, of whom at that time Senesino and Farinelli were among the most celebrated. Even in his oratorios Handel not infrequently wrote an important male part for a mezzo-soprano or contralto voice. Hence the anomaly in our days of hearing at oratorio performances such characters as Solomon, Barak in *Deborah*, or the warlike young Othniel in *Joshua*, personated by a lady. Modern civilization will happily not allow them to be sung as Handel intended them; and we must therefore put up with the dramatic incongruity for the sake of the music.

Radamisto, which was written in 1720, is on the whole a much finer work than *Silla*. In the overture may be seen an early example of the contrast between the wind and strings to which Handel was so partial. Many of the songs in this work are excellent; of one of them, "Ombra cara," Sir John Hawkins informs us that the composer told him that he considered it one of the two finest he ever made—the other one being the "Cara sposa" in *Rinaldo*. Without going quite so far as this in its praise, it may justly be said that the song in question is one of Handel's best. There is a considerable family likeness between the two songs; and both of them are remarkable for the boldness of their harmonies. Both are in minor keys, and both contain an important chromatic feature in their accompaniments. Did Handel consider them his best songs because in them he had forsaken his ordinary tonic and dominant harmonies, in which, as he said "Now A tromps, and now D," and had done something toward enlarging the resources of his art? It is possible; for these two airs are much more modern in style than the very large majority of his opera and oratorio songs.

The length to which this article has already extended forbids mention of many interesting

* The Works of Handel. Printed for the German Handel Society, 15th year.

points of which I had made a note; but there is one piece so striking in its dramatic effect, and so in advance of its age, that a word must be said about it. This is the quartet "O cedere o perir," which was written for a later version of the work, and was not in the original. In this movement Tiridate, King of Armenia, is threatened with death. Three of the persons of the drama press round him, exhorting him to yield or perish. "Yield to honor! Yield to love! Yield to virtue!" they cry; and he replies "Non cedo." The whole movement is full of life and fire, and the orchestration, with independent parts for oboes and bassoons, in addition to the string quartet, is as interesting as the voice parts.

Flavio, the third opera contained in this year's issue, is not as a whole one of Handel's best, nor does it contain much on which it is needful to dwell. There is, however, one very curious point in the instrumentation. At page 75 of the score is a song with oboe obbligato, "Amor, nel mio penar." This song is in the (for Handel) unusual key of B flat minor—thus apparently indicating that the performer had an oboe in D flat, a semitone above the ordinary pitch. It is difficult to imagine otherwise that Handel would have written the part in the key which he has selected, and in all other cases he invariably writes for the oboe in the usual way. No explanation of the change is given in the score; it can therefore only be noticed as a curious fact.

The last opera as yet published, *Giulio Cesare*, is one of the composer's finest. The recitative "Alma del gran Pompeo" is fully equal in intensity of expression to the "Deeper and deeper still" in *Jephtha*, or to the less known, but certainly not less fine recitative in *Belshazzar*, "Vain transitory state of human empire." Many of the songs are also in Handel's best manner; but one of the most striking points about this opera is the richness and variety of its scoring. To mention one point—here, and in no other of Handel's works, unless it be in some of his still unpublished operas, we find four horns, one pair of which (as in our modern scores) are tuned in one key, and the other pair in a different one. In the opening chorus, for instance, which is in the key of A, we find two corni in A and two corni in D, while in the final chorus in G, we find two horns in G; and two in D. In the song, "Va tacito e nascosto," is an elaborate horn obbligato, which even now would bother some of our best players; and in the song, "Se in fiorito" we see the two bassoons doubling the violins in the octave below, quite in Mozart's manner. It is more than possible that Handel was the inventor of this orchestral effect. But the most curious piece of orchestration in the work is that of the *Sinfonia* (page 54 of the score), where, in addition to the ordinary band in the orchestra, consisting of a stringed quartet and two oboes, is found a second band on the stage, which is composed of one oboe, first and second violins, viola, harp, viola da gamba, theorba, (a kind of large lute) bassoons, and violoncellos. As some of these instruments no longer exist, it is impossible for anyone now, however expert in score-reading, to realize with the mind's ear the full effect of this combination. It is easy enough, however, to perceive that it must have been remarkably rich and sonorous. Did space permit, other instances of novel orchestration might easily be quoted from Handel's works; enough has nevertheless been brought forward to disprove the general idea that his scores are wanting either in fulness or variety. On some future occasion I hope to call the attention of our readers more especially to the subject of Handel's instrumentation; for the present I must content myself with what has been already said. Almost every new volume of the old master's works contains some specially noteworthy features; and musicians will find both pleasure and profit in making themselves acquainted with his operas in this new and magnificent edition.

EBENEZER PROUT.

Boccherini.

M. Maurice Cristal has published in the *Ménestrel*, of Paris, a series of biographical and critical notices on Boccherini and his works. From the final chapter we extract a few of the facts, and paraphrase some of the comments offered by M. Cristal.

Boccherini died on the 28th May, 1805, at Madrid, aged 65. It has been said that his funeral was graced by the Court and great personages; but from information procured by M. Picquot, it seems that his burial was humble, and attended only by a few devoted friends and neighbors, for the most part unconscious of his great genius.

The grace, the charm, the tenderness of his music well represent the epoch which immediately preceded a period of restlessness and higher ambition. The ideas of Boccherini are gathered and moulded with implements of delicate form; and they are so completely his own, that his works are in that respect quite exceptional, and give the impression that he knew no other music but what he wrote himself. He belongs in short to that favored class of men who are born intellectually independent, in whose minds there are already inherited germs which fructify in the country, the climate, the epoch whence they spring. They resemble those jewels that by day reflect little light, but which in darkness shine like fixed stars. They have absorbed through time the light they emit and with which they are saturated. Boccherini is a romantic Sebastian Bach of chamber music, a radiant point in the art of southern Europe, in the warm zone of Venice, Sicily, and Spain.

It is to Boccherini we owe the form of the movement in a quartet or symphony known as the *minuet*. His music in regard to mere virtuosity is not difficult, compared with that of Mayseder and other of his contemporaries and successors in the north. It is enough if in interpreting Boccherini we can seize the rhythm and comprehend the style—an acquirement not by any means common on this side of the Alps. Once attained, the recompense we receive in the effects of Boccherini's well concerted accompaniments far exceeds the poor satisfaction of mastering mechanical difficulties.

The makers of chamber music are apt to speak proudly of the viola, but it is not often they bring the effects of that instrument into good relief. Rolla, who as a viola player had no rival, was, after Boccherini, one of the few composers who really knew how to employ it. Passing over Zamboni, Benincori, and Fiorillo, we must not forget Bruni*—the libertine Bruni, whose trios for violins and viola are so full of taste and originality. The adagios of Bruni are always highly praised. They are short and without development, kinds of preludes, but always brimming with freshness and grace. In the hands of Alard this delicate music retains all its color, all its accent. In the trios of Bruni the players are never bored. There are no long rigmaroles, repetitions, and mechanical substitutes for inspiration. From the first note to the last the music "sings." All that, however, pales in the presence of Boccherini. The works of the latter are truly offsprings of genius. The conduct, the plan of his music, the system of modulation, as well as the melodic ideas, have the impress of his individuality, and remind us of the system of no other musician. Everything he has written is a compound of healthiness, tact, and sensibility. The interest and variety of his episodes, and the apparent simplicity of his phrases, surprise even those most familiar with the effect of his compositions. His thoughts, always graceful, often melancholy, have in their naïveté a seductive influence quite indescribable.

It has been frequently complained of Boccherini that he is wanting in energy; and an over-wise critic has dubbed him "the wife of Haydn."

* Born 1750. Died 1823. The music of Bruni is what in southern Europe they call "pure music." That is melody not hacked out on the pianoforte or suggested by some fancied novelty in a sequence of chords.—Translator.

The sense of the joke is a mistake, for many of his quintets are full of passion, vigor, and animation. His harmony, not always according to syntax, abounds in piquant details. He is fond of unisonal effects, which sometimes reduce his quartets to duos. But the device is intended and contributes to that general effect of a complete orchestra which, by his marvelous skill in the use of the different timbres of the strings, he produces in the quartet. His finales are somewhat archaic in color, and are perhaps now out of date; but his adagios and minuets are always exquisite. His pastorales remain incomparable.

With a fecundity equalling his originality, Boccherini has produced 366 instrumental compositions. With his many claims on the attention of connoisseurs, he has still been singularly neglected, and at one time was almost unknown. Germany is only now beginning to acknowledge his merits, which were formerly summed up in German opinion in the criticism of Spohr, who, on hearing the music of Boccherini at Paris, observed that "it did not merit the name of music." Boccherini's fame has, however, since been thoroughly vindicated by a galaxy of French and German artists. At Brussels M. Gevaert is perpetuating the traditional glory of the Italian master, first made known at the Conservatoire by Fétis.

The history of instrumental chamber music dates from the end of the XVIIth century; but the direction it has since taken as a learned branch of the art is due to Corelli. He was followed by Tartini. The pupils of those great artists, from Geminiani, Leclair, Nardini, &c., to Viotti, in the latter half of the XVIIIth century, represented what may be called the virtuoso school of chamber composition. It was Boccherini who had the honor of first launching into deeper waters. He is the creator of the trio, the quartet, and the quintet, which Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven have developed.

Boccherini, during his long residence in Spain, where he finally died, would naturally, with an organization so sensitive, absorb at every pore the national coloring of Spanish music. When we listen to his dreamy adagios and passionate largos, his minuets, garlanded with pizzicato accompaniments recalling the silvery sounds and balmy atmosphere of a starry night in Spain, we turn our thoughts sorrowfully to the humble chamber where Boccherini, destitute and almost starving, bent over his desk, is transcribing for our delight his loves and dreams, his simple piety, and inconsolable mournings.—*London Mus. Standard.*

Liszt and Chopin.

A MUSICAL SOUVENIR.

[From "Brainard's Musical World."]

There was a time in which the piano was a species of religion. When the aged Field was on his death-bed, his friends, not knowing what to say, in order to prepare him for the last great change, asked, "Are you a Papist or Calvinist?"

"I am a pianist," responded the dying artist.

Among the adepts of this new religion the most celebrated were, without doubt, Chopin and Liszt. A great many censure Liszt for his indescribable presumption, his grand charlatanism, for the conduct of his heroes of romance, for his strange musical theories; in spite of all, the superiority of the artist is in asking the world rapidly to forget the weaknesses of the man. Liszt has been, without doubt, the true lion of the piano. All the great artists whom we have interrogated on the subject, Chopin excepted, have made the same response: "O, Liszt is the master of all." We have seen talents more pure, more perfect, more sympathetic; but no one has had, in the same degree, that electric power, that musical magnetism that impassions and entrances an audience. Liszt was many times but mediocre in playing, when he was troubled, ill-disposed, or prey to over-excitement; when he wished to play, when he concentrated all his powers to make a grand stroke, and held his musical poem in his head, in his heart, in his fingers, in his nerves, he launched like a thunderbolt over the trembling audience, and produced effects

which no other artist has produced, except Paganini.

Schumann has said of him, with a mixture of admiration and irony, "He is as brilliant as light, grand as a thunderbolt, and leaves after him a strong odor of brimstone."

We have been accustomed, for many years, to hear Liszt and Chopin, but never have we enjoyed their playing as during the year 184—. It was during my stay at Castle B., near the right bank of the Noir. The mistress of the castle, an illustrious woman, entranced all, by her genius, and talents; but she was loved more than admired, by those who knew her, for her supreme goodness of heart. She was, at that time, entertaining Chopin, and she had positively snatched him from the vale of death. She turned from her maternal cares to him, and it is to her influence that we are indebted for those last compositions of that genius, so pure and so beautiful. There was, in that year, a reunion of artists at the castle. Liszt came, accompanied by a star from the Parisian world, a noble lady as spirituelle as she was beautiful, there called Arabella, and who has since, under another name, held a distinguished place in literature.

The sublime cantatrice, Pauline V., with her husband, was there, who preserves, to this day, the ideal expression, mistress of her incomparable talent; Eugene D., the romantic painter, the poet of color; B., the great actor, and several other celebrities. After the children of the lord of the castle, a son and daughter, were a niece and nephew, and several friends from the neighboring city, with their wives, all young and enthusiastic. Such was the character of the guests at the Castle of N. We were hospitably entertained, and our liberty was absolute. There were guns and dogs for those who liked the chase, boats and tackle for those fond of fishing, a magnificent garden for a promenade—every one did what he wished.

Liszt and Chopin composed; Pauline V. studied her role of "the Prophet;" the mistress of the castle wrote a romance or drama; and the others amused themselves as they chose. At six o'clock all assembled for dinner, and did not disperse until two or three o'clock the next morning. We will not relate here the several improvisations which made the time seem so short. We will speak chiefly of the music, and, above all, of the rival pianists. Chopin played rarely; he was not willing to play, unless he was sure of perfection; nothing in the world would tempt him to play in a mediocre style. Liszt, on the contrary, always played, whether he played well or ill. One night the guests were all assembled in the great drawing-room: the large windows were open, the light of the moon flooded the room with a golden light: the songs of the nightingale and the perfume of mignonette were borne on the breeze into the room. Liszt played a nocturne of Chopin's, and, according to his custom, he enlarged the style, and introduced trills, tremolos, and so forth, which were not in the original composition. Several times Chopin showed signs of impatience. At last he approached the piano, and said to Liszt, in grave English:

"Will you do me the honor to play a piece of mine as it is written? No one but Chopin has a right to change Chopin."

"O, well, play yourself, then," said Liszt, arising from the piano.

"Willingly," said Chopin.

At that moment the light was extinguished by a large moth, which had flown into the room. They wished to relight it. "No!" cried Chopin, "the light of the moon is enough for me; extinguish all the tapers!" Then he played an entire hour. It is impossible to describe the effect. There are emotions that we feel and can not describe. The nightingales tried to rival him with their songs; the flowers were refreshed with water divine. Those sounds came from heaven. The audience were in a mute ecstasy—scarcely dared to breathe; and when the chanter finished, all eyes were filled with tears—above all, those of Liszt. He pressed Chopin in his arms, and cried:

"Ah! my friend, you are right. The works of a genius like thine are sacred; it is a profanation to touch them. Thou art a true poet, and I am only a buffoon."

"Come, then," replied Chopin; "you know that no one can play Weber and Beethoven like yourself. I pray you, play me the Adagio in C sharp minor by Beethoven—play it slowly and seriously, as you can when you wish."

Liszt played the Adagio, with all his soul and all his will. Then he manifested to the audience another kind of emotion. They wept, they groaned.

But they were not the tears that Chopin had caused to flow; they were cruel tears, of which Othello speaks. The melody of the second artist did not touch the heart, as the first had done; it was like the sharp thrust of a poniard. It was no longer an elegy—it was a drama. In the meantime, Chopin thought he had eclipsed Liszt that evening, and boasted of it, saying, "How he was vexed!" Liszt understood him, and determined to be avenged, spiritual artist though he was. And here is what he improvised. Four or five days after, the company were all assembled about the same hour—"a short time before midnight." Liszt entreated Chopin to play. After a great deal of persuading, he consented to play. Liszt then demanded that all the lamps and tapers should be extinguished. They put down the curtains, and the obscurity was complete. It was a caprice of the artist, and they did as he wished. At that moment, Chopin went to take his place at the piano. Liszt whispered some words rapidly in his ear, and took his place. Chopin, far from dreaming what his comrade wished to do, seated himself, without noise, in a neighboring arm-chair. Then Liszt played all the compositions that Chopin had played at the memorable *soirée*, of which we have spoken. But he knew how to play them with such exact imitation of the style and manner of his rival, it was impossible not to be deceived; and, indeed, they were all deceived. The same enchantment! the same emotion! When the ecstasy was at its height, he quickly lighted the tapers at the side of the piano. There was a cry of surprise in the assembly.

"What! was it you? we thought it was Chopin."

"What sayest thou?" said he to his rival.

"I say, like all the rest, I should have thought it was Chopin."

"Then seest thou that Liszt can be Chopin, when he wishes? but Chopin—can he be Liszt?"

That was defying him; but Chopin would not, and dared not, accept. Liszt was avenged.

Sometimes they played a comedy or improvised a drama. They had a pretty domestic theatre, and an assortment of costumes; they gave only the subject of the piece and the distribution of the scenes. The actors improvised a dialogue. Liszt and Chopin comprised the orchestra. Two pianos, placed at the right and left of the stage, covered with drapery, were occupied by the virtuosi, who followed the piece and improvised the interludes according to the changes of the drama. Here again we are powerless to express what we heard. Both artists were gifted with a prodigious memory; knowing all the Italian, French, and German operas, seizing with admirable promptitude the movements which suited the situation, they developed them with such fire, with such ardent superiority, that the actors at the side were obliged to cry, Enough! enough! These amusements were always followed by a magnificent and joyous supper. We could easily fill a volume with the memories of that summer; but in order not to weary the reader, we will end with an artistic fantasm, of which few examples are found under similar circumstances. There was, at the end of the garden, an esplanade which overlooked the *malle noir*, which was paved with marble. They had placed there a table, with chairs and rustic sofa, and it was surrounded with an iron railing to prevent the children from falling into the ravine below. That passage was known for its wonderful echo, which would be repeated three or four times. The children often amused themselves by making sounds in order to hear the echoes. One evening, some suggested the idea of carrying the piano there to play some fragments of romantic music, in order to hear it re-echoed in the valley. The idea was acceded to by acclamation; and very soon the friends at the castle took the magnificent Erard grand piano on their shoulders, and carried it to the esplanade.

It was a night in June. There was no moon, but the sky was burning with stars, and the air was calm and sonorous. The piano was opened at the side of the valley, and Liszt struck, with his strong hands, that admirable "Hunter's Chorus" from "Euryanthe," which you all know. Naturally, he stopped at the first and second phrase to the response of the echo; at the first pause we were all seized with trembling; it was a new poem, an immense ideal. The musical phrase was too long to hear the first and second echo clearly; but the third and the fourth, or the echo of the echo, was re-echoed without losing a single note. Liszt, exalted, continued to accelerate the movement. What could we say? Each phrase was a subject of ardent curiosity, and of breathless attention.

The last, above all, where the chorus in unison changed into G flat, rolled under the woods of the valley with a heavy accent; but the last, which changed so fiercely in the key of B flat, announced the victory of the human will over the obstacles of nature. After that flourish of trumpets so appropriate to the circumstances, Chopin took Liszt's place at the piano to cry and sing the echo. He composed then his impromptu Opus 66, if we mistake not, and he played, for the first time, some passages in G flat, which are in the middle of it. That transparent *Æolian* music placed Chopin above himself. He prolonged his mysterious conversation with the spirits of the valley; that was between them and him a strange dialogue, full of whisperings and murmurings, which resembled a magic incantation. The mistress of the castle was obliged to snatch him from the piano. The fever had come upon him. After him Pauline V. sang a romance, so tender and so native, of "La Molinara." The air was admirably chosen, for each phrase, composed of two notes only, was echoed and re-echoed from rock to rock with a clearness which was ravishing to all. The niece of the lord of the castle next sang, with a voice fresh and vibrating, a popular air, which was a grand success, echoing and re-echoing with a particular pleasure. It was two o'clock in the morning when refreshments were served, and they sang in chorus to send a last adieu of gratitude to the echo. The dawn was already whitening the horizon when we separated, burning with emotion, but happy in keeping the memory of that night an ineffaceable souvenir. O where are you now, days of youth and happiness? Where are you, glorious artists, so good, so artless, so indulgent in your grandeur? Alas! the greater part are dead; with two exceptions, all are like the shadow of the past!

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES ROLLANAT.

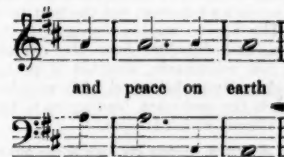
Notes on "The Messiah."

BY JOHN CROWDY.

(Concluded from Page 150.)

No. 17. CHORUS—Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth; good will toward men.

One of the most exquisitely planned pieces known to sacred music, this chorus will repay all the observation which can be bestowed upon its performance. Short as it is, and simple as it may appear, the elements of effect employed in it are many. First there is the contrast between the heavenly and the earthly: "Gloria in excelsis Deo; et in terra pax." This is illustrated by the employment, for the first sentence ("Glory to God in the highest") of the higher voices, accompanied only by high instrumentation; for the second sentence ("and on earth peace") the men's voices enter alone, in unison ("and peace") changing to octaves ("on earth") the orchestration following the change, and emphasizing it by uttering the monotonic passage in the double octave below.



Two bars of treble instrumentation take our attention upwards again, and a second time the heavenly sentence is sung by the higher voice parts, the tenors being taken up to A at the word "highest." The earthly sentence is repeated, to the same monotonic phrase just quoted, though in another key; and then, by the conversational effect of a few bars in close fugue, the four parts express, as if to each other, the assurance of "good will toward men." Then the whole choir joins in the united repetition of the entire passage, to the same musical phrases as before; the fugue assurance of good will is worked to some degree of animation, the voices come to a cadence; the bass instruments are taken out of the accompaniment (leaving the violas to become the actual bass, with the same aerial effect as before); and a gradual diminution, combined with a lifting up of the instrumentation to the high register, seems to suggest the departure of the angels.

Such are the means, simple and effective, and because effective admirable, by which Handel has illustrated in music the gospel story of the vision to the shepherds.

No. 18. AIR—Rejoice greatly O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem Behold thy King cometh

unto thee. He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall speak peace unto the heathen.

Narrative now gives place for a while to reflective matter; and the key note of this number is joyous exultation for the glad tidings vouchsafed. Note the ingenious little phrases to the word "shout," and the glad some repetition in the orchestra. The accompaniment is singularly free and brilliant here. All share in the joy.

No. 19. RECITATIVE—Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

Serves to introduce the next number.

No. 20. AIR—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Come unto Him all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and He shall give you rest. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him; for He is meek and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

This is a number which, in its tender pastoral grace, speaks its own significance: if it does not, no words of description will convey its beauty.

No. 21. CHORUS—His yoke is easy, His burden is light. Of this chorus, which concludes the first part of the oratorio, it must be admitted that there is little to say, except that it has a certain joyous lightness.

PART II.

In the second part of the "Messiah" the text takes up the indirect narrative of the story of Christ, commencing with reference to His passion, and carrying the suggested action on to His ascension. As the first part has elaborated and illustrated the articles of the Creed: "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," so we come now to the development for musical illustration of the articles—"Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead, and buried. The third day he rose again from the dead, And ascended into Heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

No. 22. CHORUS—Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

This is a number of which nothing need be said except that it appropriately, and with great forcefulness, conveys the words which it undertakes to present to the mind. It is a good example of the tenderness which results from the employment of the minor mode, with phrases of slow pace; and constitutes the first step into a deep stream of musical pathos which is now to be passed through.

No. 23. AIR—He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. He hid not his face from shame and spitting.

The exquisite grief of this number, it may again be said, needs no comment but the text to which it is set. The second section increases in indignant animation, and develops from the cantabile (frequently, but mistakenly, omitted in performance,) what is virtually a recitative, with unquiet accompaniment in the orchestra, leading up to the highly wrought chorus which follows.

No. 24. CHORUS—Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

A chorus of bitter self-reproachful lamentation. Mark the exclamatory detached phrases "Surely, surely!" Mark the poignant dissonances at "He hath borne our griefs," emphasized to the utmost by taking the basses—to whom are assigned the chromatic notes of the chords—to the top of their register. Mark the entry of the basses with an A flat at "He was wounded" against the G of the altos, struck a beat beforehand; then the entry of the tenors with D against the C of the soprano part; the flinging of E flat by the trebles at "wounded" against the tenor D; and note the recurring intensity of the dissonances in the voice parts, enforced by an almost violent orchestral accompaniment. The storm of grief is at length expended, and a change comes over the music at

No. 25. CHORUS—And with His stripes we are healed.

A finely written fugue of much technical interest, and worthy the dignity of the work.

No. 26. CHORUS—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

This is a very remarkable piece of art-work in sound. It is thought by many that, in accepting the suggestiveness of the simile contained in the first sentence of the text, "like sheep," Handel has passed the bounds of legitimate sense-painting, and produced triviality. The incessant motion kept up in the bass accompaniment has been said—let us be permitted to think, by an exaggeration—to represent the trotting of sheep; certainly nothing could be more picturesquely suggestive of wandering than the "contrary motion" of the parts, the reckless runs at "gone astray," or the wanton turns at "we have turned." The great master has, to say the least, run riot in descriptiveness; and by a manoeuvring of parts hardly surpassed anywhere, has painted confusion and wilfulness in the highest colors. The continual recurrence of the sportive runs, and the rapid turns, the interjection of positive exclamatory phrases,



we have turned

and the incessant movement in the orchestral parts, constitute a picture which, to some minds, passes the limit of permissible suggestiveness. But it is magnificent, if exaggerated; and I would have no one pronounce upon this chorus till the end is reached; for who can say how far the sublimity of its second section is dependent upon the lightness of the first? In all tone-art, I should say, there is no more awful stroke than that which arrests the headlong progress of this chorus, when the organized confusion is at its height; and pours out that terrible adagio "And the Lord hath laid, hath laid, on Him, on Him, the iniquity of us all."

What majestic remorse! What nobility of self-reproach! The busy amble of the orchestra is stilled, the wandering, wanton voice parts are reined up; and in a music-sentence as eloquent as the sacred words which it clothes, the bass voices uplift themselves an octave to the high C, and descending gradually, and gradually diminishing in power (the other three parts weaving themselves slowly in), convey the awful reflection with such a sublime vividness that I have never yet sung in this chorus without—for all its opening triviality—finding tears in my eyes at the end.

No. 27. RECITATIVE—All they that see Him laugh Him to scorn; they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying—

This little number serves to introduce the next well-marked chorus.

No. 28. CHORUS—He trusted in God that He would deliver Him: let Him deliver Him, if He delight in Him.

A number full of character, in which the choir personate the mocking Jews, and the expression is taunting and irony. The bass sentence with which it opens is a well-known point. To hear it come thundering over the orchestra in solid bolts of spiteful sound at a Handel festival is one of the sensations of these great occasions. The short chopping phrases which form its material are the musical embodiment of brutal insult.

No. 29. RECITATIVE—Thy rebuke hath broken His heart: He is full of heaviness; He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man; neither found He any to comfort Him.

This is the first of a well-known group of numbers for the tenor soloist. Anything more completely at one with the spirit of the words cannot be instanced in the range of music: the solemn, yearning harmonies of the accompaniment, the pathetic distances, and short sobbing phrases of the voice part, make up together a picture of the most intense depth of color. The march of the modulation in these few bars is a study in itself; at every pulse it gets deeper and deeper in intensity.

No. 30. AIR—Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

Scarcely less full of religious pathos than the foregoing is this short air, though entirely differing from it, in that modulation now ceases awhile, and the harmony turns quietly upon a centre, instead of moving by strides to a distant point.

No. 31. RECITATIVE—He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgressions of Thy people was He stricken.

Carries the modulation towards the coming air in a few eloquent progressions.

No. 32. AIR—But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell; neither didst Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.

This is a well-known song of much religious grace

and dignity, perfectly conveying the sacred words of which it is the vehicle.

No. 33. CHORUS—Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts; He is the King of Glory.

This chorus is parallel in some respects to "Glory to God," an earlier number already described. It exemplifies, at the entry of the voices, the same device of leaving out the more ponderous sections of the choir, the tenors and basses, for the purpose of suggesting celestial effect. Presently, however, the men's voices enter, with the question "Who is the King of Glory?" the reply is assigned to the lighter sections of the choir, first employed. Then the distribution is reversed; the men's voices (altos included) sing the apostrophe "Lift up your heads," and the question "Who is the King of glory?" is asked by the altos in combination with the trebles; the men's voices reply; and then the response, "The Lord of Hosts," is given to all the voices; the division of the trebles into first and second is abandoned, and the full chorus proceeds in a joyous development of the reiterated declaration, "The Lord of Hosts! He is the King of Glory."

No. 34. RECITATIVE—Unto which of the Angels said He, at any time. Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee?

Serves to introduce the next chorus.

No. 35. CHORUS—Let all the Angels of God worship him.

This is a clearly constructed fugal number, of no unworthy calibre; but is not unfrequently omitted in performing the oratorio, and may fairly be said to be redundant.

No. 36. AIR—Thou art gone up on high; Thou hast led captivity captive and received gifts for men; yea, even for Thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

Of this number also, it may be said that it is not unworthy but redundant: it is frequently omitted.

No. 37. CHORUS—The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers.

A picturesque piece of choral writing, characteristic of its composer. The opening proclamatory sentence, assigned to the men's voices only, in unison, constitutes one of those effects which Handel so often seizes; obvious, simple, dramatic. Then comes the contrasted rapid sentence, in quavers and semiquavers, "Great was the company of the preachers," giving a multitudinous effect, and out of these two phrases the whole number is constructed.

No. 38. AIR—How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

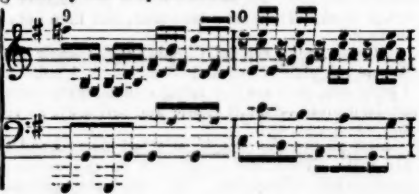
A well known air, of that religious elegance which is, in turn, at the command of Handel, like more massive effects.

No. 39. CHORUS—Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

A dashing fugal chorus, in which the configuration of the musical sentences follows the suggestiveness of the words, as does almost every piece of the old giant's work whose creations we are reviewing. Very remarkable in this respect is the phrase, "And their words unto the end of the world."

No. 40. AIR—Why do the nations so furiously rage together? and why do the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed.

This air constitutes one of the great opportunities for the principal bass. It is again a sound-picture. Syncopation, or rapid motion, in the orchestral prelude, fore-shadows the agitation, which increases up to the 13th bar. A restless effect is given by a change of figure at the 10th bar; the 12th brings another change, and increases the restless effect; this last may be studied as an example of power gained by the simplest means.





A perfect storm is raised in the band by the rapid playing of this happily-conceived accompaniment figure.

The voice enters firmly, amidst the agitation in the band; but soon finds itself occupied in rendering a fine chain of triplets to the word "rage;" presently a descending scale passage, for voice and orchestra in unison, constitutes a first climax. Presently renewed triplets in the voice part are accompanied by groups of semiquavers in the band; then a peremptory bar of a four-times reiterated phrase for the voice, is sung to the restless accompaniment figure foreshadowed in the 10th and 11th bars; these again work up to a passage founded on the figure already heard from the band at bar 12 (quoted above), the voice as well as the bass accompaniment being assigned the peremptory oscillating phrase there found in the bass of the accompaniment.

The reader who has followed me thus far in dissecting this fine number will be able to trace for himself its further extension, which is accomplished by use of the same material, slightly and dexterously varied, but kept in hand to the last.

No. 41. CHORUS—Let us break their bonds asunder and cast away their yokes from us.

This is again a chorus of which the turn of the phrases which go to make up its material has been suggested by the sense of the words.

The parts enter, in rapid succession, with a jerked subject of short detached notes, the entry of the basses being especially effective.

With the second sentence of the words "And cast away," comes a second musical sentence, capable, by emphasis, of conveying a feeling of still greater peremptoriness than the first, and so constructed as, in the usual course of fugal imitation, to bring into simultaneous utterance a dashing phrase of runs in one part, short snappish reiterated quavers in another, and angry staccato crotchets in a third.

Presently reversion to the first words of the text brings reversion to the first phrase of the music; after a time the imitation becomes more compact, the materials of the musical structure are packed closer, and in the end the parts are brought, in a simultaneous passage, to an end staccato.

No. 42. RECITATIVE—He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision,

Connects the preceding and the following numbers.

No. 43. AIR—Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Only one bar, the first, of the accompaniment to this vigorous little number needs to be read for discovery of its key thought; or rather, it should be said, one bar and the first note of the next.



The phrase is almost amusing in its suggestiveness of muscular bodily action, appropriate to the words "Thou shalt break them." The voice part embodies the same vigor, but preserves throughout its own phraseology, against the reiterated figure of the accompaniment which runs through the piece.

THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

No. 44. CHORUS—Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ.

And He shall reign for ever and ever, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

An outbreak of magnificent and majestic joy. A disciplined shout of tumultuous triumph. An organized clamor of praise. A pageant in which battalions march to and fro, under review of a monarch. A chorus to be sung by the angels, after Armageddon. How shall an idea of this great

"Hallelujah" be secured and imprisoned in language? The task is impossible. No commentary can do it justice, or convey to the reader of cold black and white words a breath of the almost heavenly atmosphere with which it surrounds the sympathetic listener to its adequate performance. The commentator may map out its plan, but the soul of the hearer alone can realize its full effect, in which, as in everything sublime, there are elements incomprehensible by parts of speech. Let us coldly take it to pieces: when this has been done, the mind which is large enough, and warmed sufficiently by a spiritual element, can add for itself the glow, the brilliance, the splendor, which cannot be described, but may be felt.

A joyous, animated, orchestral foretaste preludes this almost more than human conception. Only three bars. The impatient shout can be restrained no longer, and the voices enter, all together, in a group of bright, loud, exclamatory, simultaneous phrases; born of the word to which they are joined, "Hallelujah." Of the five Hallelujahs which constitute the first little section of the chorus, four are embodiments of the expression known as the "plagal cadence;" the fifth embodies a "perfect cadence" in the same key. Harmonically the material is of the simplest; chords of tonic, subdominant, and dominant.

The next five Hallelujahs are a transposition of the first group into the key of the dominant; and after this exclamatory announcement of the key-phrase, the first sentence subject enters. In unison for all the parts and all the instruments, indelibly engraved at the outset,



For the Lord God omni - po-tent reign-eth.

Four more exclamations of "Hallelujah" in the key of the dominant, to phrases of the first type; and then, majestic and emphatic by its seat being changed to the key of the tonic, is repeated, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Another group of "Hallelujahs," this time literal adaptations of the ordinary monotonic "Amen" which church choirs sing after collects: and then the composer commences to weave his two threads, hitherto distinct, together in one texture. The treble voices restate the sentence, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth;" the tenors, then the altos, then the basses, throw under it the exclamatory "Hallelujah," into which the trebles again break the instant their enunciation of the slower sentence is complete; while the men's voices as instantly take up, in another key, the longer sentence "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Bright Hallelujahs from the lighter voices now play round the more massive phrase of the men: in a moment, as soon as this is out of their mouths, the men break also into Hallelujahs, and a new effect, the overlapping and alternation of the exclamatory sentences, is introduced. A fifth time the sentence recurs—"For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," assigned this time to altos and tenors, the basses and trebles accompanying with ejaculations, not simultaneous, as at first, but alternated and overlapping, as just presented. This, however, is the last repetition; and the mass of singers are brought altogether to a rest, amidst a tumult of instrumentation constructed out of the same material as the voice parts. Here the first section of the chorus ends.

Eight bars of smooth, slowly moving harmony for voices and orchestra, to the words "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ," here occur, relieving the already highly wrought workmanship, and preparing clear ground for a new theme. Structurally, these eight bars are not related to the rest of the material; aesthetically their office is important: they calm the excited attention, and throw into contrast the tumultuous effect of what has preceded, and that which is to follow. What was the object of Handel, at the point "is become," in entering the alto voices a quarter of a bar before the rest? I think it may be felt. The object was, without doubt, to heighten the quiet effect, to blunt a little the edge of a simultaneous entry. How welcome, in fact, is this lull of the action!

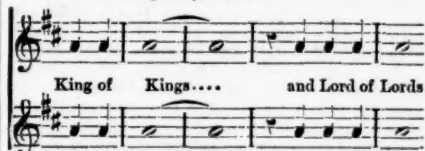
The second section of the Hallelujah chorus commences with the sentence "And He shall reign for ever and ever," which the basses first give out, uncovered by the other parts, and supported by the orchestra in unison. As with the sentence "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," so with this; it is written up black on a white ground; a mountain outline against a clear sky.



and He shall reign for - ev - er and o - ver.

As soon as the basses have announced this, the tenors imitate it in the dominant, the basses throwing in ejaculations of "for ever! and ever!" the altos repeat it in the same key as it was propounded, the ejaculations continuing; then, in turn, the trebles repeat the tenor version. Meanwhile the basses, with the altos, are assigned exclamations of "for ever" "and ever" which, while they refer back to the opening Hallelujahs, foreshadow the more ponderous exclamations of the same words, "for ever" — "and ever" — which are presently to be heard.

Each of the four voice parts having now, in turn, pronounced the triumphant sentence "And He shall reign for ever and ever," a new phrase, majestic in its monotonic simplicity, occurs.



Against this straight line of tone, sustained by trebles and altos, the men's voices fling the already established ejaculations, now juxtapositioned, and shown to be identical, "for ever" — "and ever" — "Hallelujah" — "Hallelujah." Here again, the subject, the monotonic "King of Kings" phrase, is announced without harmonic cover of any kind; and at its every stage, as it rises presently on a magnificent ladder from D to G above the staff, it is set forth without veil, in unison of voices and trumpet. A masterly distinctness, making the plan of the number palpable to the ear, is the result.

The reader who has followed me to this point is in possession of all the material of this wonderful chorus; the rest is combination and modification of the already stated phrases. But what masterful combination and modification! First comes that magnificent ladder of monotonic sentences, assigned to the trebles and the trumpet, rising successively and majestically from Ds to Es, Fs, and Gs; a bright, strong rope of sound, suggesting, nay requiring, at every successive change of the note upwards, a change in the tonality of the accompanying ejaculations "for ever" — "and ever" — "Hallelujah." First these are but a recall of the initial exclamations of "Hallelujah;" then the treble monotone shifts to E, and the harmony changes; it rises to F sharp, and an A sharp lights up the harmony, and brings it into the relative minor; it mounts to G, and then the ejaculations cease, to enable all four voices at length to unite, for the first time, in the words "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords." Which done, the basses restate the subject already first entrusted to them, "And He shall reign for ever and ever," this time in the dominant; the trebles then repeat it in the tonic.

The accumulation of foreshadowed effects now comes on the ear more rapidly than the pen can describe; the men thunder out in turn the monotonic phrase "King of Kings," solid and rotund, on the keynote D, and while the tenors prolong the note, the three other parts recur to the exclamatory "for ever" — "and ever;" the men's voices reunite for another proclamatory shout, "and Lord of Lords," again tonic and monotonic; the tenors again prolong the D, and the other voices again ejaculate, this time, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" the basses once again reiterate "And He shall reign for ever, for ever and ever," followed, at the closest possible distance, by the altos, the other voices covering; the sections of the choir begin to move in massive steps together; the bold phrase "and He shall reign" is recurred to for the last time; for an instant, the voices come to a simultaneous rest; then, through the rushing and agitated orchestration, through the sweep of strings, the piercing pipe of flutes, the grind of bassoons, the noise of drums, the thrill of trumpet, and blare of trombone, come thundering forth four united Hallelujahs, to the same chords as before of tonic and subdominant: and at the fourth there is silence. A silence which rings. A silence filled with the memory of sublime sounds. A silence during which the whole chorus rushes through the mind. The first moment of silence since the first note of the chorus. And then the whole mass, trebles, altos, tenors, basses; strings, reeds, flutes; brass, drums; plunge, as into a stream, into one last broad prolonged Hallelujah; the epitome of the whole—



PART III.

Had the "Messiah" ended with the Hallelujah chorus, it might still have been accounted the greatest and broadest work of its kind; considered, however, as coextensive in subject with that portion of the Creed which relates to the Second Person of the Godhead, a third part was necessary. To prolong a work so far must be accounted a weighty task, if interest is to be sustained; but Handel has proved equal to it, and although there are numbers in the third part of the "Messiah" which can be, and usually are, omitted in performance, there are also new effects which, when a key to their appreciation is given, should sustain the attention of the earnest auditor without sense of flagging. These are the introduction of the unaccompanied vocal quartet, and the trumpet solo. The first of these gives an almost supernatural tone to the musical atmosphere, the second introduces an element of striking dignity and prominent interest. A third feature of the general plan of the third part might be mentioned, equally efficient in sustaining the high general interest of the oratorio, though not so easily appreciable except to those who can look at the work broadly: I mean its magnificent cadence. I do not refer by this term to the few chords which end its last number: those are the cadence of that number; I mean the whole of that wonderful chorus "Worthy is the Lamb" with its elaborate appended "Amen,"—a chorus unsurpassed in the qualities, which its position demands, of breadth, dignity, and elaboration,—which forms the cadence to the work as a whole.

[Concluded on last page.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 8, 1876.

The Christmas Oratorios.

The great Music Hall was crammed on the evening of Christmas with eager listeners to the Handel and Haydn Society's sixty-fifth performance of the "Messiah." And a very fine performance, on the whole, it was. Mlle. TIEBENS was of course the prime attraction with a great number. She sang the great soprano arias gloriously. Her large, rich, thoroughly musical and pure voice was here engaged in the noblest service. She sang with fervor, with right understanding, and with thoroughly artistic, chaste expression. The strong declamatory passages were all given in the noblest style and without overdoing. "Rejoice greatly" welled up from deep springs of unaffected gladness and unfeigned opulence and buoyancy of tone; and the second part of it was touched with just the right shade of tender seriousness. In "I know that my Redeemer liveth," there was no forced, defiant declamation, no tedious conventional sentimentality; it was calm, deep, blissful, assured faith; and every phrase and note of the music, every accent and gradation of light and shade, was in accordance with that lofty, sincere mood. Who of us will live long enough to hear a worthier interpretation of that heavenly music! We might say as much of all her efforts that night; efforts they hardly seemed to be; they were at all events spontaneous; feeling expressed itself; and each thing that she did was wholly in keeping with all the rest.

Mrs. H. E. SAWYER gave a careful, well conceived and graceful rendering of the contralto solos; her singing was more remarkable for tenderness and sweetness, and for a certain even excellence, than for power. Mr. MAAS has a light tenor voice, of great sweetness, very pure and even, and made a marked impression by his intelligent, artistic and

expressive style, particularly in the pathetic pieces: "Thy rebuke," etc. Into "Thou shalt dash them" he also threw a vigor that was hardly expected of him, achieving a complete success. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN has not all the voice he once had, and some of his bass tones sound dry; but his style and execution were masterly, making the well-known bass arias uncommonly acceptable. In "The trumpet shall sound" he was somewhat disturbed by an occasional fault of intonation in the trumpet *obligato*, for which the innocent offender has been most wantonly held up to scorn by some of our considerate critics; surely his performance was not worse than the average. But we do think it not in good taste to station the trumpet in the forefront of the orchestra, and thus court attention to his part as to a piece of solo virtuosity; it should have the air of springing unexpectedly and spontaneously out of the heart of the orchestra.

The chorus was large, but the balance of the four parts not quite so perfect as usual. Strangely the *lascies* were too feeble, while the contralto was the strongest part of all,—a solid, rich and musical mass of tone. Nearly all of the choral work was done with spirit and with even excellence. A few shortcomings, in such "catchy" choruses as "His yoke is easy," "Let us break their bonds," scarcely disturbed the beautiful and grand impression of the whole.

With success even more signal *The Creation* was given the next evening. Bating some carelessness in the orchestral accompaniment the choruses (with better balance) went splendidly. The Trios, too, were beautifully sung. And the great voice and art of Mlle. TIEBENS triumphed in this more flowery and graceful melody as fully as they did in the *Messiah*. We only wondered at some changes of the verbal text, for which we could perceive no reason. Why "On mighty wings," instead of "pens?" Is it not a pleasure to have the original meaning of a word preserved for once in such connection with undying music? *Pen*, from Latin *penna*, which means wing. And what is the objection to the "cooing" of the dove? It is a word expressive of the natural sound, and surely it is a good vowel sound to sing. Not caring to go back so far as Jenny Lind, we never heard the two great arias more exquisitely sung; and the music of Eve, in the third part, was given with a genuine warmth and tenderness, which had no taint of the weak sentimentality which too often takes its charm away.—Mr. MAAS sang sweetly and artistically as before, though his voice betrayed exhaustion from previous efforts, or perhaps from a cold.—Mr. JOHN F. WINCH sang the descriptive bass solos with admirable effect.

The Handel and Haydn Society have now in hand for the Easter season Handel's Joshua (new here) and the entire *Matthew Passion Music* of Bach, with the view of giving its two parts separately on the morning and evening (or afternoon) of Good Friday.

Fourth Harvard Symphony Concert.

Deprived, by a paramount duty, of the opportunity of listening to any of the Concerts of last week, we will let others speak of one of the most interesting orchestral concerts of the season, reserving our own comments. We select two notices which seem to us the best considered and the fairest. *The Traveller* of the following day (Dec. 28) says of it:

The programme consisted of four numbers, but two of these were of such proportions as to make the concert of about the usual length. Gade's vivid and vigorous overture, "In the Highlands," and Boieldieu's overture to "La Dame Blanche," opened and concluded the programme respectively, both being well performed. Mr. Hugo Leonhard was the soloist of the afternoon, and ap-

peared in the Beethoven Piano-forte Concerto, No. 5, in E flat (Op. 73). The artist acquitted himself with his wonted judgment and fine feeling, and especially in the *adagio* brought out the sentiment of the work with clearness and beauty. The most interesting work of the afternoon was the Symphony in C by Schubert, instrumented for orchestra by Joseph Joachim from the grand duo for piano (op. 140). The number proved throughout exceedingly interesting, full of color and warmth, and rich in beautiful themes. Each of the four movements has a charm of its own, and the work never grows thin or unimpressive. The last movement is very bright and happy, and abounds in delicate conceits. The scoring is broad and vigorous, and adds to the beauty of the piano work a wealth of instrumental coloring. We shall be glad to hear the number again at an early date. The orchestra played with much excellence and devotion, and has not done better work this season. We have a hint of an extra rehearsal (voluntary on the part of the orchestra) which is probably the cause of the better performance. An acknowledgement of this extra service on the part of the orchestra is certainly no more than is due.

This impression is shared by the *Globe*:

The symphony, that in C, by Schubert, with orchestral instrumentation by Joseph Joachim, was new, and proved as thoroughly interesting as could well be. The orchestration is strong and vivid, the coloring being rich and ingenious to a wonderful degree. The occurrence in several places of a beautiful theme, given out by the cellos and taken up by the other strings in turn, was one of the beauties of the work, while in numerous places there were little pictures which were successively assigned to different instruments, but no combinations which betrayed the least straining for effect. The whole tone of the work is pure, delightful and inspiring. The opening movement, an *allegro moderato*, was the most pleasing of the four, though the whole was brimming over with beauty. The prominence given to the brass intensifies the grandeur of parts of the symphony, without detracting from the classic shading or ornamentation of the work. The piano-forte concerto was Beethoven's glorious fifth, which introduced Mr. Hugo Leonhard as soloist. His playing was as a whole an agreeable surprise, as he threw more vigor into it than he is accustomed to do. With the exception of one or two places where he failed to make the delicate intonation quite distinct, he was in every way an able exponent of the noble concerto. The orchestral work was honest and careful in the main; and, notwithstanding occasional blemishes, there was so much that was good, and such an evidently thorough endeavor, that we quite excused the defects in the enjoyment of the pleasure afforded us.

These notices are mainly in accord with what we find to have been the common impression among musical people at the concert, as well as with our own knowledge, through hearing the rehearsals, of what the concert must have been. Yet there are some dissenting voices, as there will be always; especially where there exists a "ring," partly in the interest of the speculators in concert-giving, partly in the interest of "the new music,"—a ring particularly *au fait* in the arts of "managing the press"—whose cue it is to systematically disparage whatever may be done by so conservative and purely Art-loving an institution as the Symphony Concerts. One of the hostile criticisms in this instance has been so sweeping, so unjust, so bitter, and contemptuous, in its remarks on Mr. Leonhard's performance, that no one can fail to see that it is prompted by a personal malicious motive. It must have been written out of spite, and for the purpose of crushing and destroying the artistic good name of a gifted, high-toned, earnest artist. The sense of justice must be far gone in this community if such shafts do not fall harmless. Mr. Leonhard is too well known and prized among us as an artist, for any one to believe him capable of a "puerile" interpretation of a Beethoven masterpiece, a "tame, incongruous" rendering, an attempt to invest it with "frivolous prettiness!" This writer neglects no opportunity to seize upon a weak point and make the most of it, exaggerating to the utmost. That there may have been weak points in the performance it is not for us, who were absent, to deny; but that there was an utter absence of good points, that there was a general misconception and maltreatment of the composition, that he played it like a "senti-

mental Nocturne of Chopin," it will take more than the utterance of such a jaundiced oracle to convince us. And then the meanness of talking of the hardihood which it required to attempt this work so soon after the magnificent rendering by Von Buelow! Mr. L. had selected this work for this winter's concerts, and had been engaged in the study of it, before it was even understood that Buelow was to come here. And is such a work to be blotted out from the repertoire of such a series of concerts, because a great man chances to come here and play it exceptionally well? It is a part of the system of the Harvard concerts to give every winter one or two of the Beethoven Concertos, as well as a fair proportion of the Beethoven Symphonies; these come round in their turns, as Christmas comes; shall we renounce them from the moment we have heard a better performance than we are able to command ourselves? And if the music is to be given, for the music's sake, shall we not feel indebted to that one of our own artists who will undertake it in an artistic spirit, though probably not dreaming of so rash a thing as rivaling a Buelow or a Liszt! To call this "presumption" is impudent presumption in the critic.—But why waste words on an attack so palpably malicious and so base, that henceforth no respect or credit can attach to what may emanate from such a source.

The Symphony (Joachim's instrumentation of the thoroughly symphonic "Grand Duo," Op. 140, for four hands), we still think, as we have said before, to be, next to the matchless No. 9, in C, by far the most important of the larger instrumental works of Schubert; and, if so, it is not rash to assert that, among all the pretentious new Symphonies which have been brought out here within a few years,—Raff, Rubinstein, Brahms, Svendsen and the rest,—it is by far the most important, the most interesting and full of genius. Here again the oracle above quoted shows a lack of quick perception and appreciation when he speaks of it as "dull" and "dreary," and harps almost exclusively on its "inordinate length." Yet he confesses (to lend his article an air of candor, as sometimes when he praises, even overpraises, this or that in a review of which the general drift is meant to be disparaging) that it is impossible to judge of it upon a single hearing. Why not, then, avail himself of the opportunity of hearing it in rehearsal, before saying: Go to, it is naught, of one of the greatest works of the most inspired musician after Beethoven! He finds the *Andante* charming, and is reminded by it of the *Allegretto* of Beethoven's eighth symphony, to which it bears no resemblance whatsoever, though it strikingly resembles in one subject the slow movement of the second symphony. We venture to intimate also that he is too strong in his self-conceit, when he declares that Joachim's "method" (of instrumentation) "is not that which Schubert would have followed." May be not, who knows? Not he, at all events.—We shall need more space and time hereafter to record our own impression of this Symphony.—Another of the tribe praises the Symphony but abuses the orchestra in this wise:

"Of the rendering by the orchestra yesterday, little can be said in praise, being too generally mechanical, hard and unsympathetic, and in some places positively weak and at loose ends. Diligent rehearsal under a strong hand is indispensable to the fit production of such a work."

"Diligent rehearsal under a strong hand" is just what it did have. The musicians became unusually interested in the work, and give it extra rehearsal, working with a will most earnestly. Ignorant prejudice alone could have so written about a performance which even "the other man" who so disliked the work itself, found "conscientious and spirited."

We did hear the repetition this week of the admirable concert of the Apollo and the Boylston Clubs, and next time shall have to speak of them, as well as of the fifth Symphony Concert, another brace of Thomas Concerts, Mr. Perabo's Rubinstein Matinée, and several of the six Von Bülow Concerts (with the Philharmonic Club) which are to occupy every evening of next week.

A BEETHOVEN COMMEMORATION. We have received the following communication from Springfield, Ill., bearing date Dec. 27, 1875.

On the 17th of this month I went to the "Bettie Stuart Institute" in this city, to listen to some music performed entirely by the pupils in remembrance of the great master's birthday—

- 1st, Scherzo from the 8th Symphony by Miss Nellie Noyes, from Evanston, Ill.
- 2nd, Moonlight Sonata, by Miss Bertie Latham, Lincoln, Ill.

3rd, Life of Beethoven read by Miss N. French, Springfield.

4th, Selections from the Sonata in A flat, No. 12, Miss Nellie Noyes.

5th, "Adelaide," sung by Miss Leonora Huntington of Springfield.

6th, Sonata Pathétique, by Miss Mary McKee of Waverly, Ill.

Miss Huntington is a younger sister of Mr. Ella Huntington Henkle, whose singing was heard in Boston three or four years ago. Miss Leonora's voice is not as high as her sister's but equal in strength and her singing is more sympathetic, perhaps because she excels in Elocution, which is admirably taught at the Institute; indeed I think the musical is not in advance of the other departments there, although I judge there was but little more preparation made for this occasion than for the weekly exercises in the school room. Do you not think it gives the scholars more culture to study and play classical music themselves, than to have concerts occasionally given at the school by professional musicians? As we often judge of a place by its schools, I take pleasure in writing of the Institute especially as my western pride has been sorely wounded by such questions as "Do the menageries ever get as far West as Springfield?" or "Do you have any side walks there?" asked by intelligent people who had never been out here.

ANOTHER PUPIL OF LISZT. The young lady of Cambridge, Miss AMY FAY, who wrote the brilliant letters from Weimar about Liszt, in the *Atlantic*, is now in New York. The *Brooklyn Union*, about a fortnight since, had the following notice of a Matinée in which she performed:

An entertainment of novel and unusual interest was inaugurated on the afternoon of Monday, December 20, at Chickering's former rooms in Fourteenth street, New York. Mrs. Charles S. Pierce, of Cambridge, addressed an audience of ladies on the subject of the duties of women, the importance of occupation, and the advantages of the co-operative system in reducing the cost of living. Mrs. Pierce is well known in the literary world as the author of a series of articles on co-operative housekeeping, which appeared a few years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*. * * She was followed by her sister, Miss Amy Fay, who gave a piano recital of the following pieces:

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| Study in sixths..... | Chopin |
| Sonata, op. 27, No. 1..... | Beethoven |
| Chant Polonoise, No. 5..... | Chopin |
| Clavierstück..... | Schubert |
| Canzonet..... | Jensen |
| Märchen..... | Raff |
| Gnomon-Reigen..... | Liszt |

Miss Fay has lately returned from Germany, where for six years she has studied the piano-forte under masters of world-wide celebrity. Her letters from Weimar, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* last year, interested the musical world as much in their author as in her subject, and no one can hear her play without predicting for her an unusually brilliant career. Her technique is faultless, her touch clear, elastic, and sympathetic, and her interpretation of the most varied compositions equally successful. The ease with which she plays the most difficult works is only equalled by her extraordinary memory, and we hope sincerely that the opportunity may soon again be offered the public to listen to music of such an entirely satisfactory character.

NEW YORK, JAN. 3, 1876. The New York Quartette, recently organized here for the purpose of performing classical Chamber music, is composed of the following well known artists:—Edward Mollenhauer, first violin; Max Schwarz, second violin; Geo. Matzka, viola and Frederick Bergner, violoncello. Their circular announces six soirées of Chamber Music at Chickering Hall. The programme of the first soirée, which took place on Saturday evening, Nov. 20, was as follows:

1. Quartet—No. 10. Op. 76. D minor..... Haydn
2. Aria—Soprano. "Alia stella confidente," V. Robaudi
Mad. Sophie Dowland.
3. Piano Solo—Ballade, Op. 23, G minor..... Chopin
Herr Constantin Weikert.
4. Aria—Soprano. "Lascia ch'io piango".... Handel
Mad. Sophie Dowland.
5. Quartet—Op. 18, No. 1, F major..... Beethoven

The Quartets were admirably played and the audience was fair in number. The second soirée took place Dec. 21, with the assistance of Miss Bertha Baruch and Mr. Alfred Pease.

The first Thomas Matinée of the season took place at Steinway Hall, on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 27. The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's Overture "Consecration of the House;" Schumann's first Symphony; The Ballet Music and Wedding Procession, (new) from Rubinstein's opera, "Feramors," and Wagner's *Tannhäuser* Overture. Mme. Antoinette Sterling sang Bach's aria "Esurientes implevit bonis" from the Magnificat in D, and two Lieder: "Der Krenztag" by Schubert and "Es war ein König in Thule" by Liszt. Messrs. Carl Wehner and A. Lockwood performed a Concerto for Flute and Harp, (manuscript) by Mozart.

At the second Thomas Symphony Concert, Saturday evening Dec. 4, the following programme was given.

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| Symphony, No. 2, C minor, op. 134, (new).... | Reineck's |
| 1. Allegro, H-kon Jarl. | 2. Andante, Thora. |
| 3. Intermezzo, in Odin's Hain. | 4. Finale, |
| Oluf's Sieg. | |
| Concertstück, op. 92, (first time)..... | Schumann |
| Introduction and Allegro Appassionato. | Mme. Madeline Schiller and Orchestra. |
| Introduction, { | Tristan und Isolde..... Wagner |
| Finale, | |

Symphony, No. 7, in A, op. 92..... Beethoven.
At the second Concert of the New York Philharmonic society, at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, Dec. 11, the orchestral numbers of the programme were Spohr's Symphony in F, "Die Weihe der Töne," which was smoothly and on the whole very well played; Schumann's romantic "Genoveva" overture and Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Les Préludes," a piece which depends entirely upon the orchestra for its effect, and which had but poor treatment at the hands of the Philharmonic players.

Thoroughly delightful and inspiring was the violin playing of the solo performer. Mr. Joseph White, who performed Mendelssohn's Concerto in E, and the Ciacona in D minor by Bach. Every part of the beautiful concerto was interpreted at the best, and I have seldom heard so satisfactory a rendering, while the Ciacona, which demands talent and artistic qualities of the very highest order, was equally well played.

The Thomas Orchestra is again engaged for the season by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. At the first concert, Dec. 18, the programme opened with Beethoven's "Erlösung" Symphony, and the other orchestral selections were the Introduction and Finale from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 1, of the orchestral series. Mme. Antoinette Sterling sang a Recitative and Aria from "St. John the Baptist" by Macfarren, and two Lieder, (Schubert's Kreuzzug and Liszt's "König in Thule.") For an encore she gave Schubert's "Doppelpaenger."

At Chickering Hall a series of six classical concerts was begun on Friday evening, Dec. 17, with the following programme.

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| Quartet in B minor..... | Mendelssohn |
| Mme. Carreno Sauret, MM. Sauret, White and Werner. | |
| Violin Solo—{ a Sonata in D major..... | Nardini |
| { b Barcarole and Scherzo..... | Spohr |
| M. Emile Sauret. | |
| "Ballade," in G minor..... | Chopin |
| Senor Cervantes. | |

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| Vocal Selections. | |
| Andante con Variazioni, for Two Pianos.... | Schumann |
| Mme. Carreno Sauret and Senor Cervantes. | |
| Sonata in C minor, for Piano and Violin.... | Beethoven |
| Mme. Carreno Sauret and Senor White. | |

The second concert of this series came on Thursday evening, Dec. 23, and a Matinée was given on the same day.

The second series of Von Bülow concerts began, at Chickering Hall, on Monday evening Dec. 27, where a large audience gathered to welcome the great pianist on his return to New York. The programme which I subjoin was one of the most remarkable ever offered in our city.

1. J. S. Bach—Concerto in the Italian Style.
Allegro—Andante—Presto.
2. Handel.
(a) Prelude and Fugue in F minor.
(b) Chaconne in F major.
3. J. S. Bach.
Concerto in C Major for two Pianos and string quartette.
4. Messrs. Richard Hoffman and Hans von Bülow.
Mozart—[a] Fantaisie in C major, No. 3.
Dedicated to his wife.
Haydn—[b] Rondo in C major.
5. J. S. Bach.
Concerto for three pianos and strings, in D minor.
Miss Marion Brown, (Pupil of Von Bülow), Messrs. Hoffman and Von Bülow.
6. L. Van Beethoven.
Adagio with Variations. Opus 34.
7. J. S. Bach.
Concerto for pianos and strings in D minor.
Miss Marion Brown, Mrs. Charles B. Foote, Messrs. Hoffman and Von Bülow.

Mr. Matzka..... Leader.

The programmes of the second and third concerts were as follows:

- Second Concert, Dec. 29.**
1. Grand quintet in E flat, for piano, hautboy, clarinet, bassoon and horn..... Mozart
 2. Romanza, "La Rosa"..... Spohr
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
 3. [a] Sonata Pathétique..... Beethoven
 4. [b] Rondo capriccioso, Op. 129, {
[c] Canzonetta, "La Primavera"..... Mercadante
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
 5. Grand quintet in F, Op. 55, for piano, flute, clarinet, bassoon and horn..... Rubinstein
- Third Concert, Dec. 31.**
1. Quintet in F, Op. 55..... Rubinstein
 2. Cavatina from "Der Freyschuets"..... Weber
Miss Lizzie Cronyn
 3. [a] 32 variations on an original Theme, {
[b] Characteristic Sonata, Op. 81a, Les Adieux, l'Absence, le Retour..... Beethoven
 4. Songs. [a] La Partenza..... Beethoven
[b] L'amante impudique.....
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
 5. Grand septet, Op. 74..... Hummel
Piano, flute, hautboy, horn, viola, cello, double bass.

A Matinée was given on Thursday, Dec. 30, at which the programme of the first concert was repeated. This week three evening concerts and one Matinée will be given which will end the series.

A. A. C.

The third part of "The Messiah" begins with No. 45. AIR—I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.

A sacred song, this, preeminently religious in its character, breathing a cheerful but solemn confidence. Note the character-figure of dotted quaver and semiquaver groups in the accompaniment, never appearing in the voice part, but giving the song much of its point, and serving, by its comparative unevenness, to enhance the effect of the firm well-built melody assigned to the singer.

No. 46. QUARTET—Since by man came death. The new effect which this number introduces has already been noticed. It remains to be said that the chords here assigned to four voices are the essence of all that is solemn in harmony; seldom has a musician laid on such deep color by so few strokes.

No. 47. CHORUS—By man came also the resurrection of the dead,

Is an exuberant passage of joy, in contrast—almost too great—to the preceding number. In

No. 48. QUARTET—For as in Adam all die,

The effect of No. 46 is recurred to, with an exquisite result; the sunshine of the last few bars of chorus is again obscured by dark summer storm clouds, but only for a moment, and in

No. 49. CHORUS—Even so in Christ shall all be made alive,

The choral sunlight bursts out again.

No. 50. RECITATIVE—Behold I tell you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet, Introduces the next.

No. 51. AIR—The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed; for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

The new effect of the solo trumpet, which this number introduces, is one which it will be worth some pains to appreciate.

There is no point in which the ordinary hearer of an oratorio goes less prepared to listen well than in regard to orchestral effects. The effect of a trumpet is, indeed, one of the most palpable of these; it is also one of the finest, and the hearer of "The Messiah" should train his ear to distinguish and enjoy the mellow brilliance of the instrument. The bold and stately conformation of the air is especially adapted to display this beauty.

No. 52. RECITATIVE—Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory,

Carries the sense on to

No. 53. DUET—O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.

A number not often used; but exhibiting none of that weakness which generally characterizes vocal duets, the rhythm of the two voice parts, and the harmonic intervals between them, being both unusually varied.

No. 54. CHORUS—But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,

Is again not seldom omitted. It is a joyful, tumultuous chorus; but the fatigued attention is by this time little disposed to exert itself; and the number presents nothing new to excite it.

No. 55. AIR—If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again; who is at the right hand of God, who makes intercession for us.

Is usually omitted, though, except for the weakness of human nature, it should not be, if only on account of the effect which is lent, by its intervention, to the final entry of the chorus.

No. 56. CHORUS—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honor, glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

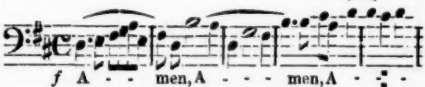
Amen.

The final number of the "Messiah" is this elaborate and largely laid out chorus, comprehensive and grand, rather than sensational or climactic; the special effects have been displayed, the points all made, and the work now marches majestically to its

conclusion, in this great hymn. A broad stream of harmony from the voices, all moving deliberately together, beginning effectively with a syncope, "Worthy is the Lamb," conveys at once a sense of the importance of the cadence number. After a few bars, the pace is quickened, and the notes subdivided to quavers at the words "to receive power;" at the same time the higher stringed instruments, so powerful when provided with suitable passages, in creating excitement, foretell, by a rushing succession of scale passages in thirds, the busy animation which is coming. It is, however, but a foretaste. In accordance with his practice in many instances, Handel has scarcely given an indication of the coming tumult of effects, when he suddenly hushes the action, and goes back to reopen his discourse. It is not, however, a mere reopening. The key of the initial largo passage is changed on repetition, and when the andante—"to receive power, and riches, and wisdom"—recurs also, it is also in a new key, and the strings rush down their scale passages from a higher part of their compass. These violins should be listened to.

All this, however, is but the prelude to the subject proper, which, after a moment of silence, is now propounded, by all the men's voices, in sheer unison of voices and instruments—"Blessing and honor, glory and power, be unto Him, be unto Him, that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." In the same sheer unison, vocal and instrumental, the trebles now echo the subject. Before the sentence is completed, the tenors throw in a phrase of imitation in the octave, the alti repeat the theme in the dominant; through a gathering complication of florid and exclamatory passages the basses follow; and in a few bars we are in the height of choral activity. A half cadence at the unusual distance from the tonic (for Handel) of the key of the mediant, presently provides clear ground for another outset; and the tenors restate the subject, at another stage of the scale, the higher voices accompanying; then, without a break, the basses, tenors, and altos repeat it, in the original position, and in the original unison; three exclamatory passages follow, and in a few bars more the voices are again involved in choral entanglement, a new figure, of four semiquavers, scalar, legato, bringing increased action into play. This, however, is again soon lulled, and a fine half close, adagio, brings us anon to a sense of the fact that up to this point, in spite of some degree of elaboration, all has been but a magnificent prelude; and we hold our breath for the real subject, the unparalleled "Amen."

It comes. Who shall describe that lead of the basses? that nervous, syncope, upclimbing variation on the diatonic scale of the key, which is so grand in its simplicity, so manly, so rugged, so hearty, rising in capricious rhythm gradually from D to D?



The tenors follow, in the dominant, the basses underplating phrases of a more solid and ejaculatory type; the altos, and after them the trebles, in turn, lead out the subject; and presently—the make of these great numbers repeats itself—there is a half cadence. Then all the voices and instruments are withdrawn, except the violins; and these have their last opportunity of sweeping through the cleared orchestral atmosphere, with a complete statement, in their own register, of the subject already first propounded by the bass voices, and quoted above. How the first violins will revel in this nervous but simple sentence! They will grip its every note, every player of them; and the second violins will throw no less of vigorous firmness into the repetition which, after five bars, is assigned to them; after ten bars, the entire choir and band enters *en masse* to the treble strings; the bass voices again repeating the theme, pure and simple, with accompaniments from the other voice parts.

Elaboration follows which need not be described, but is all conducive to the adequate extension of the number; a "dominant pedal point"—the basses holding A for some bars—occurs, for the first time in the work, and has the precedential effect which the old theorists assigned to it; in a few more bars the whole tide of voices and orchestra is suddenly arrested, on a dissonant chord which is the recognized antepenultimate expression of modern harmony; a bar of imposing silence intervenes; and in one final "Amen," to the simple expression called the "perfect cadence," the "Messiah" concludes.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Kiss me to sleep, Mother. 3. Eb to e. Benedict. 40
"In the dark midnight when all seek repose,
Free from the world with its cares and its woes."
"Mother" songs are safe to sing, and this is a sweet one.

Two Sacred Pieces.

1. Deus Miseratus. 3. G to g. Burden. 35
Neatly arranged from an Agnus Dei, by De Monti. 3 parts.

2. Trisagion. 3. C to e. Burden. 30
Bass solo and chorus, to the words, "Therefore with Angels" etc. Both pieces are fresh, easy and musical.

O, when shall I be free. 3. F to c. Clara Scott. 30
"My Saviour, I cry unto thee."

A simple sacred song, with a chorus.

My gentle Fisher-Maiden. 4. A to e. Grant. 30

"My heart is like the ocean,

With storm and ebb and flow."

The fingers, as well as the voice have to sing, as the harmony of the accompaniment is closely connected with the air. Words by Heine.

Do I love thee? 2. G to c. Booth. 30

"If I told you? If I told you?

Would that keep you? Would that hold you?

Elizabeth Phelps writes the words, which are fitted up in the simplest way, to a sweet melody.

Friend of my Soul, one hour with thee. 3. Bishop. 30

D to e.

"In morning's glorious dewy time."

Very neat words, with appropriate music.

Newest Songs of J. R. Thomas. ea. 40

A few of the latest productions of this gifted composer are here brought together. Mr. Thomas's portrait adorns the title page.

No. 2. Golden Hours. 3. G to e.

"Hopes that bloom'd with loving sweetness,

All were yours, dear golden hours!"

Instrumental.

In Good Humor. Galop. (En bonne humeur). 2. Gb. Aronsen. 35

Dedicated to all good-humored Americans, who will be quite pleased with the light, merry music.

Sharpshooter's (Schutzen) March. 2. C. Faust. 30

A decidedly brilliant march, showing that the composer has fairly hit the mark.

Consolation. 4 hands. 3. A. Loeschhorn. 35

One of 6 four-hand pieces, easy and interesting.

Marche Funebre d'une Marionette. 3. D minor. Gounod. 40

Very queer and pretty. Who would think of composing music for a doll's funeral! Will be in high favor with little learners, and is pleasing for any player.

Six Easy Pieces. 4 hands. Loeschhorn. 40

No. 3. Inquietude. 3. A minor. 35

4. Dance Hongroise. 3. G. 40

5. Ballade. 3. D. 40

6. Saltarelle. 3. T. 40

Pieces of considerable variety and beauty, and rather classical in style.

Sylvan Set. Easy Marches, Waltzes, etc. F. W. Riley, ea. 30

1. Sylvan Nook Mazurka. 2. C.

2. Newsboy's March. 2. G.

3. Lola Schottische. 2. Bb.

4. Mamie's Waltz. 2. G.

5. Allie's Schottische. 2. Bb.

6. New Boots Galop. 2. F.

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The above two "books" include 32 studies, the first of which is very much like the "first lesson" in an instruction book, from which beginning the studies gradually increase in difficulty, (if that word can apply to what is all easy). Perhaps as good studies for beginners as could be contrived.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked

1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

